

The Man From Yonder

By HAROLD TITUS

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WNU Service.

CHAPTER X—Continued

"What's the difficulty, Brandon? Did you expect to see me this morning?"

"Why . . . I . . . That is, I thought—"

Ben stepped close and dropped his voice nearly to a whisper.

"You thought I wouldn't be walking today? Was that it?"

"Not walking? I don't know what you're talking about." The older man's self-control was coming back rapidly, now that his fright had passed away.

"I just came in to get matters straight between us, Brandon. Several serious things have happened to the Hoot Owl but in spite of them the Hoot Owl is booming; now, I presume, I can look for things to happen to me. Before anything does—because I'm not rash enough to be cocksure that it won't—I want you to get me straight."

The last vestige of his smile was gone by then. He stood spread-legged, hands locked behind his back, eyes boring into Brandon's gaze.

"I'm not interested in—"

"But you'll listen! You'll listen or I'll choke you until you'll beg for the opportunity to listen, Brandon! You'll listen to me this morning and it'll be the first and last time."

"I know a great deal. I can prove but little. I know that you started in to run me out by sending Duval to clean up my camp. Next, you tried to cripple my operation by having a firebug touch off the mill. Next, you or some of your men stole a piston head out of the express—"

"Don't go too far, young man!"

"I won't. The pits of hell are the inside limits for you, Brandon!"

"After that, you timed it nicely and blew up my trestle. You almost had us two or three times. But you flopped! The Hoot Owl is up on its knees, will be on its feet in a month if we keep going and it'll be sitting on the world by the time breakup hits us. All you've done to the job has only helped it."

"That's that! Next you try to get me, thinking, probably, that if you knock the skipper off the bridge the craft will founder for certain. You're wrong, there. You can't lick my men, because they're too many for you; you can't stop the Hoot Owl by getting me out of the picture. But if you want to keep on trying, it's your own funeral. I've only one thing to ask of you: try to play the white man, Brandon, and fight your own fights!"

His face was dark with rage, now, and he emphasized his last words by downward thrusts of clenched hands along his thighs.

Brandon smiled lightly.

"You're a queer young man," he remarked. "You dream in broad daylight and with your eyes open."

"A peculiarly detailed dream, Brandon! I've said all I have to say about the job and about myself but there is another matter left to be mentioned while I'm here. I won't even utter her name in your hearing, but any man who would pull a trick like you did and involve a girl . . . Brandon, a snake's belly is sky-high compared to you!"

And that touched the well-springs of rage that had been dammed back until the moment.

"You fool!" the man said heavily. The words came like the first break in a levee; slow, sluggish words. . . . And then, like the following toss of foam was the frothing rage in his scream. "You fool! I'll drive you out of this country! I'll hang your operation up for the crows to pick! I'll string the bones of this timber and your own bones across this country!" He swung his arms in wide, wild gestures.

He stopped, sobbing for breath, and his teeth clicked in an agony of passion.

"Dawn? Not mention her name? Well, I will. . . . She's mine, you fool, body and soul! She's been mine for years. . . . Because she smiled at you, because she played with you, don't think she's interested, fool! She's—"

He swayed backward as Elliott lurched toward him, but their bodies did not lock.

White and trembling, Ben stayed his own rush.

"No! . . . Don't want to brawl over her," he choked. "But if you mention her name to me again I'm likely to lose my head and tear your hide off your carcass!"

His rage was so high, so holy, that the fear it inspired carried through Brandon's frenzy and the man stood silent, perhaps in awe.

Ben relaxed.

"Now," he said quietly, "I've just one thing to ask, Brandon. It's this: fight your own battles!"

He turned on his heel and slammed the door behind him.

CHAPTER XI

Ben began unblanketing his team with the haste of high temper but before he had finished Able Armitage hailed him from across the street and came hurrying through the rutted snow.

The old justice's face was marked

by an expression of concern and he came close before he spoke.

"I hear Red Bart Delaney's in town." Ben nodded grimly.

"Come to see me yesterday." "No!"

"Yeah. Took a long look at me . . . over the sights of a rifle."

"Ben! Why, son!"

Elliott laughed mirthlessly and told what had happened in the Hoot Owl chopping the day before.

"So he's gotten down to the hiring of a killer!" Able looked anxiously into Ben's face. "Son . . . It can't go on. Timber or no timber; success or failure for the Hoot Owl, you've got to think of yourself!"

"I'm doing that. I've been to see Brandon and tried to drive him into the open. That's all I ask of him; that he fights fair."

"And if he won't, what?"

"Then I'll have to smoke him out!" Able clicked his tongue.

"Benny, your way of doing things scares me! Why, this can't go on. It mustn't! It's your own affair, for sure, when he tried to shoot you down, but maybe, perhaps, possibly, I'm going to beg you to be careful. So long as Delaney's in the country you've got to keep low. Get back to camp; stay there; let us pick some man I can trust to follow Bart and Brandon night and day so you'll not be caught!"

"No," Ben shook his head resolutely. "I'll go on about my business as I should. I've never run yet and don't like to start any fast foot work now."

"But it's your life that's at stake, Ben! Don't be silly. That's what recklessness is: downright silly! That's not like you. Why, not taking precautions in this thing is like monkeying with a high tension wire."

"No good, Abie. I couldn't hold up my head if I hid out after the play I've made."

So Abie was forced to give up after a time and shuffled up the street, dragging off his mitten again and rubbing his face briskly with his palm.

He had only reached his office and was unlocking the door when Aunt Em, walking grimly as if with a definite purpose, approached.

"Good morning," he began.

"Forget the palaver, Able Armitage!" the woman said sharply. "You're in trouble. So are we all, maybe. That's why I came to see you. Is it true what they say that this Red Bart Delaney has showed up here in Tincup?"

"As true as disease or death or anything else unpleasant."

"That's what I'd heard! Do I have to guess why he's come?"

Able untied his scarf and shook his head sadly.

"No, Em. Your first guess will be right. And he took a shot at Benny yesterday!"

"And missed, I'd judge from the look of him just now. But if he's still here there'll be a next time; and he won't miss then. Did you do your duty and send the boy to some safe place?"

Able sighed and told her of his talk with Ben.

"So you couldn't make him listen to reason!" she muttered. "Well, if you can't, I can't. And, us falling, there's only one other who would have a ghost of a show."

"Dawn?"

She nodded. "Dawn could. But she won't. . . . She won't go to him now. She wouldn't even listen to me talk about him, she's in such a state. She's up to the ears in love with Ben Elliott or I've got three legs! And then to have that scandalous woman do what she did and upset it all!"

She sat down heavily in a chair and drew a great breath.

"I don't have to ask you or any other man about Ben Elliott, Abie! I know the clean and decent folks when I see 'em. I'd bet my reputation as a Christian woman on that boy! That piece of play acting at the dance was some of Nick Brandon's work, you can bet your last red cent! I had to give him a piece of my mind just for relief the other day and, goodness me, what a look he give me! Why, Abie, that man's worse than ever I thought! My, oh, my! He gave me a look that like to freeze the blood right in my veins, after all the years of palaver and soft talkin' I've listened to from him!"

"Well, what I'm gettin' at is this: The boy's in danger of bein' murdered every minute of day and night unless he takes your advice. There's no one

left to try to talk him into being careful but Dawn. And how am I going to get her to see her duty when she goes into a cryin' fit every time his name's mentioned? Yes, sir. Every time she hears his name."

"She doesn't yet see that the affair was a put-up job, then?"

"See? She can't see anything, Able Armitage! Put yourself in her place. Suppose you were a young girl who's had the things to bear that she has all her life; and suppose you fell in love for the first time; and suppose that young man was accused of such nastiness right in public with everybody listening and gawping? Would you stop to figure that the reason he seemed guilty was natural? That the thing was so far fetched from the truth and such a shock that he was all kerfummoxed? I should say you wouldn't! You'd do just what she's doin'; make yourself all sick with chills and fever by cryin'!"

She twitched at the skirts of her cloak irritably and glared at the old justice as though he were a sworn enemy instead of a friend.

"What ails her is shock. She ain't got over the shock yet and every time his name or anything else about him is mentioned it sets her off again. She'll get over it, give her time. But then she'll be so humiliated to think she didn't use her reason that she won't be herself for another spell. And she should be herself now! There ain't any time to lose. She should patch up her misunderstanding with him right today—right this hour—and use her influence to persuade him to keep low. But how it's to be done I'd like to know. For Lord's sake, Abie, ain't you got a single suggestion?"

The justice had been stuffing light wood into his stove during this. Now he touched a match to the tinder, opened the drafts and stood with hands behind him, rusty overcoat unbuttoned and drooping, deep in thought.

"It's difficult to get anyone in her state to use reason. Maybe the shock of knowing that Ben's life is in danger would be a counter irritant to this other shock. Maybe not. If the affair of last week could be cleared up, if Dawn could be shown that this Lydia woman was only carrying out a plan . . . But I wonder . . ."

Aunt Em stiffened in her chair. She looked hard at Abie and her eyes narrowed a trifle.

"You see," he resumed, "if the girl—"

"Hold on, Able Armitage!" she cut in, holding up a hand in warning. "Hold on, now! I've got to think. . . . Got to think, I tell you! And I can't think while you carry on your gabble! You leave me alone, now. . . . Keep your tongue still. . . . They say a woman's tongue is hung in the middle and loose at both ends. . . . But . . . Yum . . ." As she pressed one hand over her eyes her words dwindled to unintelligible mumbblings.

"I've got it!" she cried excitedly after a moment. "I've got it, now! You stay right here, Abie! You stay until I come back. If it works, it works. . . . If it don't, it'll be time to talk some more!"

She moved resolutely to the door, left the office and strode down the street. People she had known for years spoke to her and drew no response, not even so much as a glance or a nod. On past the bank, the post office, the pool room. . . . On beyond all the stores, on down to the depot.

There, on the platform, she stood a long interval staring across the tracks to that short row of houses on Section Thirty-Seven. The station agent came out of the office and looked at Em in surprise.

"Hello!" he cried. "What brings you down here before?"

"Homer," she cut in grimly. "In which one of them nasty places does this Lydia woman live?"

"Why-why . . . Why, now should I know?" he evaded as a red flush crept up from his collar. "In the one at this end, I think. I'm not sure, of course. . . . I think she does, though. . . . She . . ."

But he no longer had a listener. Resolutely, slowly with something like defiant majesty, the woman crossed the tracks, with never another word to her informant and never a look to right or left. Her head was up, her mouth set, and her long nose wrinkled as if at a

disgusting odor. A woman up by the stores shaded her eyes and peered at the moving figure and stared and stopped. Aunt Em Coburn, headed for Thirty-Seven! Why, it couldn't be!

But Aunt Em mounted the steps. She rapped at length and vigorously on the scarred panel of the door. She went within, leaving a dozen long-distance watchers to wonder.

It was long before she emerged and then . . . Ah, then Tincup had a sight to see, a subject for speculation! For by Aunt Em's side moved the woman Lydia, collar of her fur coat high about her face as if to hide the traces of tears which hastily applied powder could not eradicate.

Tears from those hard eyes? Nothing less! For women know women and before Aunt Em had talked to this outcast five minutes she had discovered the weakness in her shame, the clean spot left in her heart. And how Emma Coburn could talk! She talked that clean spot to a glowing, glowing, glorious thing. She talked Lydia out of her house, across the tracks; talked her into that slow, unshamed, almost flagrant march up the main street; talked her out of all but one look of misgiving at the windows of Nicholas Brandon's offices. . . . And around the corner and in beneath the hemlocks which whispered above the snug white house. They entered, where Dawn McManus had hidden since the woman's words sent her flying from the dance hall to the sanctuary of Aunt Em's understanding arms.

All the way out to camp Dawn snuggled close against Abie in his worn old buffalo coat. Now and again she trembled a bit; once she cried softly a few minutes. But much of the time she talked.

"To think it was the man I used to call Uncle who did that thing!" she

cried. "Why haven't you told me, Abie? Why haven't you warned me?"

"What he's done, what he's been, what he is, were no things for you, Dawn, girl. I've just tried . . . to stand between you and many unpleasant things. You've had your share as it was."

"I could have stood this one more," she replied, stoutly enough. "It hasn't been so bad these last few years, knowing that everybody thinks my father a murderer. I'd just gotten myself above that and now . . . and now . . ."

"What now?" Abie asked gently. She looked at him through tears.

TO BE CONTINUED.

Hay-Wire Does Not Mean Same Among Lumbermen

Individual in all things, New England has its own meaning for a word used in various parts of the country as slang. Elsewhere "hay-wire" may be synonymous with "erratic" or a "little mad." In Dr. Frank Vizetelly's records of the vernacular slang use of the phrase "gone hay-wire" is defined as signifying something or somebody "gone wrong." In Maine's North Woods the serious implications of that usage are fully understood.

No greater slur can be cast upon a lumberman's equipment than to say "It's a hay-wire outfit." Hay-wire is used in temporary repairs. The man who thus employs it is foresighted and ingenious, but the man who habitually uses hay-wire instead of making permanent repairs is shiftless.

The hay for the lumbermen's horses comes bound in bales. When these bales are broken the wise teamster saves for emergencies the hay-wire which held them together. A good "toter" would not start his team on a trip without taking hay-wire any more than he would set forth without an ax or a pail.—Philadelphia Inquirer.

Green Tea Far East's Choice

Green tea made from the unfermented leaf is the choice of the Far East and is made entirely in China and Japan. Black from the fermented leaf is made in India.

Knitted Apparel Goes Ultra Chic

By CHERIE NICHOLAS



to the left one can almost fancy the knitting needles clicking a ditty, to wit: "If fashion sends diagonals then diagonals my choice." Which is exactly what have been trying to say in regard to knitting as now is, it is as facile and amenable as any woven-on-loom fabric and what's more, knitted fashions are not missing a "trick" when it comes to styling with fetching details, silhouettes and accessory notes.

Note, for instance, the shapeliness of the jacket to this suit. The skirt is straight and narrow and may be knitted with or without the new slit hemline. ("I would be ever so smart with a slit hem to left front in the skirt.") The original of the model pictured is done in old ivory of a delustered crepe floss, knitted in a tweedy diagonal effect. The dainty blouse of drop stitch pattern is cream color. Brown grosgrain ribbon trims the jacket and the crocheted hat.

Speaking of the crocheted hat reminds us to say to those who would rather crocheted than knit that fashion is willing. Members of the smart set are having any amount of fun crocheting the new cape suits (cape and skirt) out of either mercerized cotton or the very popular carpet-warp string. The whole thing can be done in an open lacy stitch or the skirt may be in plain with lacy for the cape. The crocheted or knit sweater looks best in contrasting color.

For your spring suit we suggest the accessory ensemble of hat, purse and belt shown below. Crochet it of mercerized crocheted cotton. The hat has the new off-the-face movement which is an accepted vogue in the advance showings. The "set" would be pretty in different color combinations. The one pictured is a rich brown with orange touches.

© Western Newspaper Union.

IF YOU would keep in the very forefront of fashion you simply must wear something knitted this spring.

Not only is the smart set taking to knitting with more enthusiasm than ever, but knitted things sold in the shops were never more fascinating. So whether you knit your own or buy, you are certain to be smartly clad if your suit, frock, coat, blouse likewise hat, gloves, belt and scarf, one or all are knitted.

Astonishing things are being done in knitted realms nowadays. Every fad, folio and intriguing move of fashion finds interpretation via knitted art on the new style program. Which accounts for the increasing enthusiasm expressed for knitted modes this season.

The stunning three-quarter coat to the right in the picture is one unmistakable "reason why" women are continuing so wholeheartedly knitted-minded this spring. It can be knitted rapidly because it is of heavy white cotton and made on large needles. Wide-at-the-wrist sleeves, a flattering collar and pouch-shaped patch pockets lend a casual air to this youthful model. The beauty of this coat is that it can be tubbed so easily. If you prefer, make it of the new linen yarn or string. In either event, cotton or linen, this coat is a swank fashion and its "endearing charms" will give you joy the entire spring and summer through.

In looking at the cunning jacket-suit

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© Western Newspaper Union.

Regular Elimination

The proper use of Theodor's Black-Draught, (for constipation) tends to leave the bowels acting regularly. It is a fine, reliable long-established family laxative.

"I have used Theodor's Black-Draught fully thirty years," writes Mrs. J. E. McDuff, of Elgin, Texas. "I had trouble from constipation is why I first began the use of it, and as it gave perfect satisfaction I do not see any reason to change."

Another good thing about Black-Draught that helps to make it so popular—it is NOT expensive.

THEODOR'S BLACK-DRAUGHT

PROSPECTIVE MOTHERS

Lynchburg, Va.—"Before my first baby came I was so weak and exhausted and had pains in my back and side. Frequent headaches bothered me, too, but all this misery passed away after I used Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription. All during the remainder of this period I was in good health, doing my housework, and my baby was born in splendid health, and has always been well."—Mrs. S. M. Pace, 1708—2nd St., S. E. J. E. Noel, All druggists.

Sensitive Skins

May be kept clear and wholesome by Regular Use of

Cuticura Soap and Ointment

Containing emollient and healing properties, they soothe and comfort tender, easily irritated skins and help to keep them free from irritations.

WATCH YOUR KIDNEYS!

Be Sure They Properly Cleanse the Blood

YOUR kidneys are constantly filtering impurities from the blood stream. But kidneys get functionally disturbed—lag in their work—fail to remove the poisonous body wastes.

Then you may suffer nagging backache, attacks of dizziness, burning, scanty or too frequent urination, getting up at night, swollen feet and ankles, rheumatic pains; feel "all worn out."

Don't delay! For the quicker you get rid of these poisons, the better your chances of good health.

Use Doan's Pills. Doan's are for the kidneys only. They tend to promote normal functioning of the kidneys; should help them pass off the irritating poisons. Doan's are recommended by users the country over. Get them from any druggist.

DOAN'S PILLS

WNU—4 17—35

NEUTRALIZE Mouth Acids

—by chewing one or more Milnesa Wafers

MILNESA WAFERS

Here's something new in spring hats. Suzy makes a straw sailor whose right side is yellow and whose left side is black. It is finished with a simple black ribbon trim.

Hats Go Bi-Colored

Peasant Influence

The peasant influence has come to town, accenting slowness with its full lines. Fullness is used effectively, below shoulder yokes, back and front with a suggestion of gathered flounce at the back of the skirt above the neckline. Waist and hips and shoulders look twice as slim by comparison.

Flapper Mode Revival Is Suggested by Short Skirt

The introduction of the short, full skirt in some Paris collections has set the fashion world to wondering whether the flapper is returning. Several designers showed daytime skirts that were an inch or two shorter than those of the previous season and most of them endorsed skirt fullness. Pleats and gathers shared attention.

Fluctuating skirt lengths also were a sensation of the evening modes. Ankles appeared again and again. The skirt which was sufficiently short to show footwear at the front frequently was lengthened to touch the floor at the back and sometimes to form a train.

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No Better Investment Than Well-Kept Garden

The ideal garden is planned and managed, as was the first of all gardens, by man and wife together.

Man is useful for the forking and spading, and for some of the heavier work, but it is the housewife who knows the comparative value of vegetables, and the need of variety in the garden produce.

She knows what herbs must be grown for flavoring, what quantities of early roots, peas, beans and sweet corn ought to be planted.

Such weighty problems as the thick or thin sowing of lettuce seed, of radishes, of early onions; of the best way of guarding cauliflower and cabbages from defiling butterflies, are to be settled only by patient consultations together.

And the satisfaction of growing one's own "garden stuff" and enjoying it at meal time is simply immeasurable by purely practical standards.

As a measure of economy, as a means of real relaxation, as adding to the pleasures of the dining table, as increasing the beauty and actual value of the farm and of the whole neighborhood, one of the best investments about the place is a neat, pretty, well-tended garden.—Montreal Herald.



Quick, Safe Relief For Eyes Irritated By Exposure To Sun, Wind and Dust

MURINE FOR YOUR EYES

Naming No Names

To become a great orator Demosthenes put a pebble in his mouth. Sometimes we wish our would-be orators would try a cobblesone.—Boston Herald.

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